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LYRIC ODES,

TO THE
ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

BY

PETER PINDAR,

A *K*

DISTANT RELATION

TO THE
P O E T O F T H E B E S,

AND

LAUREATE to the ACADEMY.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. EGBERTON, Charing Cross,

M.DCC.LXXXIII.

MORE
LYRIC ODES
TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS

BY

PETER PINDAE

A

DISCOURSE OF RELATION

TO THE

POET OF THE HERBES

AND

ENUREATE to the ACADEMY

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

MDCCLXXIII.
Printed for T. BARNARD, Charing Cross.
LONDON: W. BARNARD, 1793.



LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

SONS of the Brush, I'm here again!

At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine
For hang me, if my last year's Odes
Paid rent for lodgings near the gods,
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For odes, my cousin had rump steaks to eat!
So says Pausanias — loads of dainty meat!
And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit;
The best historians one and all declare,
With the most solemn air,
The poet might have guttled till he split.

* The attic story, or, according to the vulgar phrase, Garret.

Like

How

How different far alas! my worship's fate!
 To soothe the horrors of an empty plate,
 The grave * possessors of the critic throne,
 Gave me in truth, a pretty treat ---
 Of flattery, mind me, not of meat,
 For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no! with all my lyric pow'rs,
 I'm not like Mrs. COSWAY's † *Hours*,
 Red as cock turkies, plump as barn-door chicken;
 Merit and I are miserably off ---
 We both have got a most consumptive cough;
 Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
 Are like the little children in the wood ---
 And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die!
 May some good Christian bard in pity strong,
 Turn redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song
 Bewail our hapless fate with watry eye.

Poor Chatterton was starv'd with all his art!

Some consolation this, to my lean heart ---

* See the Reviews for last year.

† A sublime picture this! the expression is truly Hometical. — The fair artist
 hath in the most surprizing manner communicated to canvass the old Bard's idea
 of the *Brandy-fac'd Hours*. — See the *Iliad*.

Like

Like him, in holes too, spider-like I mope:
 And there my rev'rence may remain alas!
 The world will not discover it, the ass!
 Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants mount like bees,
 Then each my pow'rs with adoration fees ---
 Nothing their kind civilities can hinder ---
 When, like an Otho, I am found;
 Like Jacob's sons, they'll look one t'other round,
 And cry "Who would have thought this a young Pindar?"

Hanging's a dismal road to fame ---
 Pistols and poison just the same ---
 And what is worse, one can't come back again ---
 Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
 We can't display it to mankind,
 Tho' won with such wry mouths, and wrigling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes so clever, say,
 (For you have much to give away,
 And much your gentle patronage I lack)
 Speak, is it not a crying sin,
 That Folly's guts are to his chin,
 Whilst mine are slunk a mile into my back?

Oft as his sacred Majesty I see,
 Ah! George (I sigh) Thou hast good things with thee,
 Would make me sportive as a youthful cat:
 It is not that my soul so loyal
 Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,
 Or be Archbishop --- no! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace,
 To wish for Laureate Whitehead's place;
 Whose odes Cibberian --- sweet yet very manly,
 Are set with equal strength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one swear, that Heav'n lov'd fools,
 There's such a number of them made?

Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
 No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade:
 Yet take a peep into those fellows breeches,
 We stare like congers, to observe the riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
 That canst not keep a mare nor cow,
 With all thy compliment of wits so frisky!
 Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
 Beside his compter, gold can find,
 And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.

O D E II.

NOW for my criticism on paints,
 Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, saints,
 Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet! ---
 Behold the works of Mr. West!
 That artist first shall be addrest ---
 His pencil with due reverence I greet ---

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
 Which from my doughty lance he found;
 Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
 "Why dost thou persecute me, *Saul*?"
West, let me whisper in thy ear ---
 Snug as a thief within a mill,
 From me thou hast no cause to fear;
 I'll turn to panegyric all my skill;
 And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
 I'll say most handsome things about the *frame*,

Don't be cast down -- instead of gall,
 Molasses from my pen shall fall;
 And yet I fear thy gullet it is such;

They'll

That

That could I pour all Niagara down,
Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,
Nor think the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye gods! the portrait of the King!
A very *Saracen*! a glorious *thing*!
It shows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye ---
Methinks I see the people stare,
And, anxious for his life, declare,
"King George hath got a fire-ship in his belly."

Thy Charles! --- what must I say to that?
Each face unmeaning, and so flat!
Indeed first cousin to a piece of board ---
But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays,
To give the painter nought but praise,
So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Mr. *West*,
And Oliver, I do protest,
And eke the witnesses of resurrection;
Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
And make a properer window blind,
Than great *Corregio's, us'd for horse protection;

* Corregio's best pictures were actually made use of in the royal stables in the north, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

That

They'll

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylor's measures,
 For table coverings, be treasures,
 With butchers, form for flies, most charming flappers :
 And Monday mornings at the tub,
 When Queens of suds their linen scrub,
 Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers

West, I forgot last year to say,
 Thy *angels* did my delicacy hurt ; -

Their linen so much coarseness did display,
 What's worse, each had not above half a shirt.

I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of spiders,
 Ought to have deck'd that brace of heav'nly Riders

Could not their saddle bags, pray, jump
 To somewhat longer for each rump ?

I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,

By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a flop !

Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,

And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme

Sublimely towring midst th' Atlantic roar,

I'll waft thy praises to thy *native shore ;

Where *Liberty's* brave sons their Poems sing,

And ev'ry scoundrel convict is a *king*.

* America.

C

O D E

O D E III.

NOW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy shining labours,
 Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
 On other brushmen look'st contemptuous down,
 Like our great admirals on a gang of swabbers.

My eyes, broad staring wonder leads
 To yon dear nest of royal heads!
 Now each the soul of my attention pulls!
 Suppose, my friend, thou giv'st the frame
 A pretty little Bible name,
 And call'st it *Golgotha, the Place of Skulls?*

Say, didst thou really paint 'em (to be free)?

An angel finish'd Luke's transcendent line ---

Perchance that civil angel was with thee ---

For let me perish if I think them thine.

Thy dogs are good! --- but yet to make thee stare,
 The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders ---

They tell thee Genius in it had no share,
 But that thou foully stol'st the curs from *Snyders*.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
 For, to be plain, there's nothing in't ---
 The man who scorns to do it is a log :
 An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
 Were modesty, one might suppose,
 But z---ds ! thou must not smuggle the *whole dog*.

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature plaineth sore,
 That thou hast kick'd her out of door,
 Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
 To cull such genius out for thee ---
 Lo ! all thy efforts without her are vain !
 Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head ?
 The Cornish boy,* in tin mines bred ;
 Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
 In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun*.
 'Tis JACKSON'S portrait --- put the laurel on it,
 Whilst to that tuneful swan I pour a sonnet.

• OPIE.

SONNET,

S O N N E T,

To JACKSON, of EXETER.

ENchanting harmonist! the art is thine
 Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
 That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
 Soothing the wounded bosom of Despair!

O say, what minstrel of the sky hath giv'n
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?

Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
 Love from his Cyprian isle prepares to fly;

He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
 And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

• O P I E •

SONNET.

O D E

O D E V.

READER, dost know the mode of catching gulls?

If not, I will inform thee --- Take a board,
And place a fish upon it for the fools ---

A sprat, or any fish by gulls ador'd :

Those birds who love a lofty flight,
And sometimes bid the sun good night ;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below ;
Sans ceremonie, down they rush,
(For gulls have got no manners) on they push,
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow ?
They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
Plump on the board --- then lie like boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
To make so plain an application out ---

There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his silly head against a board,

That might have help'd the state --- made a good Jailer,
A Nightman, or a tolerable Taylor.

O D E VI.

"**F**IND me in Sodom out," (exclaim'd the Lord)
 "Ten *Gentlemen*, the place sha'nt be untown'd ---
 That is, I will not burn it ev'ry board :"

The dev'l a Gentleman was to be found !
 But this was rather hard, since Heav'n well knew,
 That ev'ry Fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This house is nearly in the same condition ---

Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes ---
 Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition,

That ought not to be d---n'd, I'll burn my Odes !
 And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
 Just as it was for poor Lord *Mansfield's* * papers.

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
 Hugg'd it, and kifs'd it --- carried it a mile ---
 This was a pleasant miracle enough,
 That maketh many an unbeliever smile.

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great Law Expounder, burnt !
 burnt in Lord George Gordon's religious conflagration. -- The newspapers howl'd
 for months over their ashes. — *Ohe jam satis est.*

'Sblood ! 'tis a lie ! you roar --- pray do not swear,
 You may believe the wondrous tale indeed !
 Speak, haven't you said that many a picture here
 Was really done by folks without a *head* ?
 And haven't you sworn this instant with surprize,
 That he who *did* that *thing*, had neither hands nor eyes ?

How is it that such miserable stuff
 The walls of this stupendous building stains !
 The Council's ears with pleasure I could cuff ;
 Mind me --- I don't say " batter out their *brains*."
 What will Duke *Chartres* say when he goes home,
 And tells King *Lewis* all about the Room ?

Why viewing such a set of red-hot Heads ;
 Our Exhibition he will liken *Heil* to ;
 Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
 Give hand-bills of the Wondrous *Katterfelto* ;
 Swearing th' Academy was all so flat,
 He'd rather see the *Wizard* and his *cat*.

O D E

O D E VII.

A Defultory way of writing,
 A hop, and step, and jump mode of inditing,
 My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted :
 Or, (for I love the bard to flatter)
 By jerks, like boar pigs making water,
 Whatever first came in his sconce,
 Bounce out it flew, like bottled ale, at once,
 A cock, a bull, a whale, a soldier roasted.
 What sharks we mortals are for praise !
 How, poacher-like, we hunt the game !
 No matter for it, how we play the fool ---
 And yet 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
 And really very natural to prefer
 One Grain of Praise, to Pounds of Ridicule.

I've lost all patience with the trade ---
 I mean the Painters --- who can't stay
 To see their works by criticism display'd,
 And hear what *others* have to say ;
 But calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,
 Sound their own praise from their own * penny trumpet.

* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public Papers swarmed with those self-adulators.

Amidst

Amidst the hurly burly of my brain,
 Where the mad Lyric Muse with pain
 Hammering hard verse, her skill employs,
 And beats a tinman's shop in noise;
 Catching wild tropes, and similes,
 That hop about like swarms of fleas,
 We've *lost* SIR JOSHUA --- Ah! that charming Elf,
 I'm griev'd to say, hath this year *lost himself*.

Oh! *Richard*, thy **St. George* so brave,
 Wisdom and Prudence could not save
 From being foully murder'd, my good friend;
 Some weep to see the woeful figure,
 Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
 As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee accept th' advice I give with sorrow ---
 Of poor *St. George* the useless armour borrow,
 To guard thy own poor corpse --- don't be a mule ---
 Take it --- ev'n now thou'rt like a hedgehog quill'd,
 (*Richard*, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*,)
 By the dire shafts of merc'less ridicule.

* See Mr. Cofway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour arming *St. George*.

Pity it it ! 'tis true 'tis pity !
 As Shakespear lamentably fays,
 That thou in this observing city
 Thus run'st a wh-r-ng after praise :
 With *strong desires*, I really think thee fraught ;
 But, *Dick*, the nymph so coy, will not be caught.

Yet for thy consolation, mind !
 In this thy wounded pride may refuge find ---
 Think of the *Sage*, who wanted a fine *piece*,
 Who went *in vain* five hundred miles at least,
 On *Thais*, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast ?
 The *Mrs. Robinson* of Greece.

Prithee give up, and save the paints and oil ;
 And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil.
 Thou'lt say, " Why hundreds do the same as *me*"
 Why so have fellows robb'd --- nay, further,
 Hundreds of villains have committed murther ;
 But, *Richard*, are these Precedents for *thee* ?

O D E VIII.

NATURE's a coarse vile daubing jade ---
 I've said it often, and repeat it ---
 She doth not understand her trade ---
 Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it*.

Look now for heaven's sake at her skies !
 What are they --- smoke, for certainty I know ;
 From chimney tops, behold ! they rise,
 Made by some sweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes,
 From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses bums ---
 Then tell me, *Decency*, I must request,
 Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast* ?

Paint by the yard --- your canvass spread,
 Broad as the main sail of a man of war ---
 Your Whale shall eat up ev'ry other Head,
 Ev'n as the Sun licks up each sneaking Star !

I do.

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick ---
 By bulky *things* both *men* and *maids* are taken ---
 Mind too to lay the paints like mortar thick,
 And make your picture look as red as Bacon.
 All folks love *size* ; believe my rhyme,
Burke says, 'tis *part* of the *Sublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name, *Van Grout*,
Van Slabberchops, *Van Stink*, *Van Swab*,
 No matter, tho' I cannot make it out ---
 At calling Names I never was a dab :

This Dutchman then, a man of taste,
 Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
 Thus, like a Burgomaster, spoke with judgment *vast*,
 " No poet like my broder step de ground.

" He be de bestest poet, look !
 " Dat all de worl'd must please ;
 " Vor he heb write von book,
 " So *big* as all dis *cheese* ! "

If at a *distance* you would paint a Pig,
Make out each single bristle on his back :
Or if your meaner subject be a Wig,
Let not the caxon a Distinctness lack ;
Else all the Lady Critics will so stare,
And angry vow, " 'tis not a bit like hair ! "

Be smooth as smoothest glass --- ay, finish high !
Then every tongue commends ---
For people judge not *only* by the eye,
But *feel* your Merit by their finger ends.

Claude's distances are too confus'd ---
One floating scene --- nothing made out ---
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing stile
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike, for Nature's wild ---
Fond of variety, a wayward child ---

To blame your Taste some blockheads may presume,
 But mind that ev'ry one be like a Broom.
 Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
 And make your clouds like Rocks and Alligators.

Whene'er you paint the Moon, if you are willing
 To gain applause --- why paint her like a Shilling.
 Or Sol's bright orb --- be sure to make him glow
 Precisely like a Guinea, or a Jo.
 In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,
 Convert, like Midas, *ev'ry thing to Gold.*

I see at excellence you'll come at last ---
 Your Clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
 The blues on China Mugs are now surpass'd,
 Your Sun-sets yield not to Brick-walls nor Buff.

In Stumps of Trees your art so finely thrives,
 They really look like Golden hafted Knives!
 Go on, my Lads --- leave Nature's dismal Hue,
 And She e're long will come and Copy You.

O D E

[23]

O D E IX.

THUS have I finish'd for this time,
 My Odes, a little wild and rambling ---
 May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme,
 I long to see them scrambling ---
 Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing)
 But this is full sufficient for a *Shilling*.
 For such a trifle, *such a heap!*
 Indeed I sell my Goods too *cheap*.

Finish'd! a disappointed Artist cries
 With open mouth, and straining eyes;
 Gaping for praise, like a young crow for meat ---
 "Lord! why you have not mention'd *me!*"
 Mention *Thee?*

Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat* ---
 What rage for Fame attends both Great and Small!
 "Better be d--n'd, than mention'd *not at all!*"

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F I N I S.

O D E III.

Thus have I finished for this time
My Ode, a little wild and rambling---
May people like like and as my rhyme
I long to see them rambling---
Then very soon I'll give ten more (God willing)
But this is all sufficient for a living.
For such a trifle, such a heap,
Indeed I tell my Goods too cheap.

Travellers! a disappointed Artist cries
With open mouth, and flaming eyes;
Gazing for praise, like a young crow for meat---
"Alas! why have you not mention'd me?"
Mention thee?

Thy responses hath put me in a sweat---
What rage for Fame attends both Great and Small!
It better be d-n'd than mention'd was at all!

F I N I S